

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 10. No. 11. 1st January, 1938.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney*

Vol. 10

JANUARY 1.

No. 11

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 7th May, 1938.

The Club Man's Diary

The new Lord Mayor, Alderman Norman L. Nock, has a good deal to commend him to his citizens, and to us in this Club, for he is a fellow member with the finest requisites of active sportsmanship. He is a golfer and the donor of the Royal Automobile Club Cup for annual competition.

Certainly, playing on a country course, he emulated Mr. Tom Murray, M.L.C., on a notable occasion, when Tattersall's Club members visited Roseville links and marked more trees than the early explorers. But I should say he would make either the Town Clerk (Mr. Roy Hendy) or the City Treasurer (Mr. Brackpool) feel like breaking up their sticks—you know that feeling.

However, I don't set out to boost my friend, Norman. The intention is merely to give a line on his form.

He still gets a thrill from speed—boat racing and big-game fishing—at which latter enterprise he is a remarkable raconteur. There was a day when he raced against the best motor-car drivers on the Brooklands track, England, and he has won reliability trials conducted by the Royal Automobile Club. I have met so many unreliable motorists that I'm sure that to win a reliability trial must mean something.

Ald. Nock will be aided in his office of Chief Citizen because of his business experience and status—he is managing director of the grand old firm of Nock and Kirby Ltd.—and also because of his sense of humour. He'll need it.

* * *

The Knighthood conferred on Sir Archibald Howie was appropriate recognition of his public service, which was not confined only to municipal affairs. He never stinted his time in doing good when

and where it lay within his power. His thought for the other fellow has been at all times magnanimous. He has served in the true sense of the term.

Mr. F. Graham Pratten, fellow Club member, was elected to the Legislative Council to fill the vacancy created by the appointment of Sir Charles Rosenthal, Administrator of Norfolk Island. Mr. Pratten was formerly a member of the House of Representatives and was a nephew of the late Mr. H. E. Pratten, Minister for Trade and



Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of Sydney
(Alderman N. L. Nock).

Customs, a far-seeing statesman, many of whose recommendations, as far back as 1924, are part of national policy to-day.

A Club member tells this festive-season story, but not against himself: Guests at a seaside home included no fewer than five married couples, ranging in ages from 75 to 30. Conversation not unnaturally turned on the definition of the perfect wife. The best offered was the true-life story of a woman whose husband went out to a bachelors' party, returned very late, got

into a hot bath, fell asleep and was awakened by his wife next morning, saying sweetly: "Darling, shall I pour in some more hot water?"

Another member complained to me in the Big Room that, when he got home late after a lively yuletide party, he couldn't sleep for the crowing of his neighbour's roosters. He said he had an idea to avoid repetition. The *modus operandi* was not specified. Evidently such things take thinking out, or must remain secret. But I have a contrivance fixable to a non-stop nuisance like roosters. After that, the birds indulge all the pretence of neck-stretching and wing-flapping without generating so much as a squeak. A small axe is presented, free, with every packet.

And, yet, you would hardly credit it, many Club members have ambitions to retire to the peace of a poultry farm—reckoning they would get a better run—even a poultry run—for their money. One has handed me the following opus, written in the Big Room on a settling sheet. His name cannot be disclosed, as we poets must stick together:—

*When women's lips, so rosy yet,
But symbolise a vain regret;
When one unmoved remains to
charms
Of snowy breasts enchanting; arms
Entwining have no magic left—
For hearts are husks of love bereft;
When life's seen through a darkling
lens,
A fellow takes to keepin' hens.*

*The ardent cooing of the dove—
Such things symbolical of love
Have lost their lure of yore, and so
There's consolation in the crow
And cackle of lime-washed pens—
A fellow's happy keepin' hens.*

*I often thought without a wife
To fondle only, lonely life
Would be in after years for me.
Though hearts are trumps and
women be
Like fairies in the dells and glens—
A fellow's better keepin' hens.*

As this is the festive season, let's turn on another of the stories heard in the Club: A punter in the throes of a critical illness, when reflection from the Golden Gates seemed a little too realistic for his liking, sought the consolation of a priest, respected for his tolerance and sportsmanship.

"Father," said the ailing one, "is it true that we will all have wings when we get to the other side?" Not wishing to destroy a pretty fancy in a hard-doer, the priest replied: "Yes, my good man." The punter reflected a moment, then cried: "Very well, Father, when we meet there I'll fly you for a tenner!"

* * *

Now a record about another little bet. Before the Australian League team of footballers left for England, I overheard someone at lunch say that the team was the worst ever to represent Australia, and add: "I'd like to bet they don't win a Test Match." I inquired the odds, and he said: "Six to four." One couldn't knock back such a quote with three chances to score. You will remember that the Aussies just missed winning the first—a measley point beating them. But I collected on the last Test.

Still, I am apt to agree that, at least, no more mediocre team ever represented the League abroad.

* * *

Although in many years I had met the late Mr. John Spencer Brunton in many places—the races, the theatre, in Club life and on yachting occasions—until the end he prefixed a "Mac" to my Celtic patronymic. As if to clinch the conviction that I was descended possibly from one of the lost clans, he had addressed me annually a sprig of heather, all the way from Scotia. Dear, kind and gracious gentle-

man, resolute friend, no one claimed more the generousities and the gentle refinements of life. Many a time he enriched my column in a Sydney newspaper with reminiscence and anecdote.

When his Derby winner, Homer, was destroyed in such unfortunate circumstances, the comment he made for publication was typical of the sportsman: "Better that it should have happened to me than to a battler." And that was the colt he had bought as a student of breeding, and on whose thoroughbred quality he had banked so much!

During an interval in Grand Opera, early in 1928, he called me aside, and said: "If my mare, Jocelyn, wins the Metropolitan, as I believe she will, you can depend on getting a good story." Everyone felt that Jocelyn's victory meant to Mr. Brunton the realisation of a great ambition: to breed from his famous Maltine one capable of repeating the victory she registered in the Metrop. of 1909.

He had a fancy apart from faith in Maltine's daughter—and here was the story: Mr. Brunton considered 19 his lucky number. There were 19 horses in Jocelyn's Metropolitan; 1909, the year Maltine won, added up to 19; and nineteen was the number of (a) Mr. Brunton's race ticket, (b) his motor car, (c) his motor car stall at Randwick.

Besides, Maltine was No. 5 in the racebook; so was Jocelyn. Maltine carried 8 stone 4 lbs.; so did Jocelyn. Every year Mr. Brunton altered the colours of the cords to his official tickets. When he won in 1909 with Maltine, the colours were his racing colours, red and white. In the Metrop. won by Jocelyn—19 years later—the cords to the official ticket were red and white. Maltine was trained by Joe Burton in the same stables owned by Jocelyn's trainer, George Price. Finally, Duncan got off The Pred Pysen, when it was No. 19 in the official acceptance list, to ride Jocelyn.

That was a great story at the time, and, true to his word, John Spencer Brunton gave it to me exclusively.

* * *

As indicated already, I am not Scotch, and, properly to appreciate the poems of the national poet, quoted at this season in fervent stanzas, I might need a translator. Burns, nevertheless, nestles near to my affections for one superlative manifestation of character. History tells that he was offered either one of two farms—one productive but prosaic; the other, unfertile, but set amid picturesque scenery; a river nearby. And, it is recorded, "he made the poet's choice."

I know what some money-grubbing moderns would have done—grabbed the productive plot, made a pile, and retired to the city. Burns had the artist-soul, and surely found, in his turning aside from riches, immortality. As a poet, Burns produced some of the sweetest songs of any age; as a prosperous farmer his name might have been perpetuated through a prize pumpkin.

* * *

We regret to record the passing of Mr. Victor N. White, of the well-known family of graziers, and a prominent racehorse owner. With his brothers he owned Charge, winner of the A.J.C. Derby in 1896, and he was also part-owner of the famous N.Z.-bred mare, Golden Slipper, which realised 4,500 guineas at the dispersal sale of Mr. G. G. Stead's racing establishment in 1908.

* * *

Mr. Herbert Johnson, who died last month, had been associated with David Jones Ltd. for 40 years of his 54, and had been a director for three. He enjoyed an immense personal popularity, and was regarded as a man of outstanding qualifications in his business realm.

* * *

Why do you have more than one drink at the festive season? It is not that you want more, or that, having had the one, you don't care how many more. Another thing, you don't count your friends by the number of drinks. The explanation is that a drink traditionally

(Continued on page 5.)

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(Continued from page 3.)

carries a pledge; it is an earnest of good friendship.

At any rate, that's how Fred Williams, Peter Riddle and myself felt about it when we breasted the bar in the Club. After an experience of many years, I think them among the finest sportsmen I have met in life, which is saying a good deal, but not too much, when qualities of sportsmanship, plus friendship, are assessed. So we toasted each other, had that extra drink, and, if our doctors were in the offing—well, just too bad.

But not only Fred and Peter. Very many others. Tattersall's Club is built on a rock of enduring friendships.

* * *

Mr. A. G. Shand had but half lived his life when he died recently, for he was only 35. An intense worker, a quiet talker, the soul of courtesy, and immensely popular, many will remember this good fellow. He was Secretary of the Master Butchers' Association, and a son of Major J. B. Shand, M.L.A.



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Tattersall's Club Race Meeting

Following on any race meeting, particularly one held between the departure of the old year and the dawning of the new, there's always an aftermath—settling and sedatives.

Just how you feel about it depends a great deal on how you approached it. After all, the sport's the thing, and, at that period in particular, the sport was mostly a matter of meeting friends, exchanging greetings, wishing well.

That was the prevailing spirit as many sensed it at Tattersall's Club meeting. The note throughout was one of cheerfulness on the social side—which was all that concerned The Club Man. If the meeting left some of us lighter in pocket, then we were lighter in heart, and, so, better equipped to face up to the new year in the workaday sphere.

Now for some impressions:

Mr. David Craig tried to inveigle me into taking Bourbon for Tattersall's Cup, but a voice within counselled "don't." I'm afraid my explanation rather mystified Dave. The Bourbons were a dying race, I said. There was Alphonso of Spain, run out of his country and, if reports be true, nearly run out of cash. And there was Otto, pretender to the throne of carved-up Austria, whom the proletariat has thrown on the broad of his back every time he has made a smack to regain the throne of his grandfather, old mutton-chopped Franz Josef.

"Dave," I said, "the Bourbons are credited historically with never learning anything and never forgetting anything—but let's forget. Of course, there's the hereditary Bourbon lip. Look at photographs of

Alphonso. Perhaps Bourbon will win by a lip—but let's forget."

Dave didn't know what the devil history had to do with backing horses, and so went for Bourbon. You know the rest. Still, I have a sneaking feeling that only a coup d'état in Spain or in Austria will convince Mr. Craig that there's anything in my system.

These dead-heats happen, but there were some who believed that a New Year's Gift might have been won right out more appropriately by a horse running in the colours of a Scotsman, Sir James Murdoch. Still it doesn't necessarily happen.

Years ago, at a St. Patrick's Day meeting in the country, a horse rolled home bearing a jockey with orange cap and jacket.

Incidentally, a friend remarked to me that the horse he had gone for in one race at this meeting should henceforth be fed on thistles, although it was a place-getter.

Troy, the name of Sir James Murdoch's colt, recalls a great race in the misty past, in which there were two runners, or, rather, a pursuer and a pursued—when Hector, chief hero of the Trojans in their war with the Greeks, was chased three times round the walls of Troy by the swift-footed Achilles before being slain and tethered to the chariot of Achilles, and dragged into the camp of the Greeks. What a sight for the grandstand!

It was all due in the first instance to a dispute over a lady—ginger-headed Helen of Troy, whose seduction and kidnapping by Paris precipitated the 10-year war between Greeks and Trojans.

(Continued on page 7.)

WOOLFE'S MEAT MOVES



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(Continued from page 5.)

Helen, apparently, was perfectly happy with Menelaus, her lawful spouse, until Paris came on the scene, put over the cave-man stuff and, figuratively, dragged her by the golden tresses off to Troy.

Helen was as glamorous as a modern Hollywood movie star, and her promiscuity was every bit as peerless as that of some, but it is doubtful if she were worth all the blood-letting. When Paris died she married his brother, Deiphobus, whom she betrayed on the capture of Troy, and became reconciled to Menelaus. According to tradition, she also married Achilles, but evidently proved too swift even for him, and, finally, was tied to a tree and strangled.

So Sir James Murdoch's colt wakes up a little history or mythology—call it what you will.

Mr. Hugh Macken seemed to have taken a little guidance from history in supporting Troy and Don Caesar for the New Year's Gift. Caesar knew a good horse when he saw one—hitched to a chariot, when anything might turn up.

* * *

Mr. Alvy Porter, whom I encountered in the ring, gave me a despairing look and passed on. It was this way: Alvy had asked me my fancy for Tattersall's Cup, and I had given it, without reservation. It looked good passing the post—first time round!

Mr. Cecil Mason, managing director of Columbia Pictures, has a film which might interest Mr. Bill Dovey, K.C.—"The Awful Truth." The link-up is a matter of my meeting a newspaper colleague, a woman, assigned to record the male fashions. I had pointed out the personalities, but left strictly to her the observations as to dress.

She came running back, saying that Mr. Dovey had pots and pans in his tie; indeed, everything but the kitchen range. "Better be careful what you write," I counselled. "He might take out a ca sa (or something) against you." The girl retorted: "So long as it isn't a core."

Well, I had a glimpse later, but failed to pick out the pots and pans, much less the kitchen range; but that girl wrote an entertaining story in "Truth" next day.

The same lady reckoned Mr. S. E. Chatterton among the best-dressed men on the course, and, without being prompted, volunteered the information that Mr. W. W. Hill bore the stamp of an early athleticism.

All the refreshing suggestions of a summer cruise was borne in on the steamy atmosphere of the official stand by the white-garbed and helmeted Harald Baker, David Craig and Frank Goldberg.

An excursion into the betting ring also revealed in light and airy clothing Messrs. J. A. Roles, E. Schwarz, W. Daley, Joe Matthews, E. W. Vandenberg, A. Sluice, J. Carroll and Jack Shaw. There was possibly others, but the crush was too great to observe all.

I overheard a lady punter say, pointing to Mr. Charlie Hall: "Isn't that a spray of honeysuckle he's wearing in his lapel?"

Her Friend: "Possibly. Let's go sting him."

Mr. J. M. C. Forsayth wore the white gardenia of a blameless domino player.

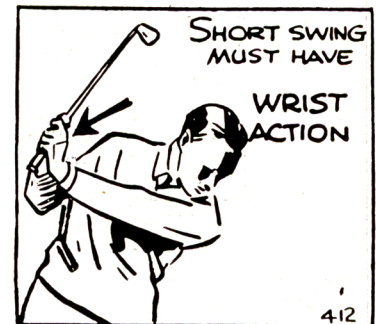
Handicapper Wilson, whose floral infatuation is a carnation, sported a Scotch thistle.

Mr. Johnny Ruthven liked Repent for the Nursery. He had remembered Omar writing something about repentance in the aftermath of an old year-new year.

A chance meeting in the official stand with Mr. Nicol called up a memory. I could not recollect his name at the moment, although I associated him with Brisbane and a name as Celtic as my own, and remembered that he had owned Royal Smile and Royal Flavour.

Then it all dawned. We had shared the same cabin on a trip to Tasmania, and he had told me that his nom de course, O'Hara, was his mother's maiden name; also that his grandmother and great-grandmother were respectively an O'Sul-

GOLF FACTS NOT THEORIES!



Alex. Morrison says:—

How much force to use with a short swing is a problem to most players.

It's a problem mainly because they don't have enough wrist action in these swings.

They are able to get plenty of wrist action in the longer swings simply because the added momentum and longer clubs used makes it rather easy.

When the club is taken back only a short way, the wrists generally remain locked and the downswing is pretty much of a jab. The force of the jab is hard to measure on account of the tight muscles.

When the wrists are allowed to bend at the end of the backswing, the muscles remain at ease and the clubhead does most of the work.

livan and an O'Donoghue. Beat that!

Mr. Nicol had remembered my having written at that time that Sir James O'Grady, then Governor of Tasmania, had informed me that my ancestors were never related to the Kings of Ireland, and I had come back by claiming the Spanish Grandees, washed ashore from the wreck of the Armada.

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Rural Members

*Mr. J. H. Black, "Taroo,"
Pokataroo, N.S.W.*

Throughout the wide north-west of New South Wales, the name of Black seems to be intimately associated with the breeding and grazing of flocks and herds. Picnic race club fixtures never seem complete if at least one of the clan be not found among the guests. And so, everybody in the area mentioned knows J. H. Black, the popular squire of "Taroo," a very fine pastoral holding in the Pokataroo district.

History records that this noted family first became connected with the Australian pastoral industry in the Wallangra district—a locality lying between Inverell (N.S.W.) and Texas, on the Queensland border—and here it was that "J.H." first acquired his knowledge of station management under the capable guidance of his pater. Small wonder, then, that, when it comes to managing station affairs with success, he need take second place to none in the land.

Same thing applies when it comes to sizing up the fine points of a merino sheep, a shorthorn bullock, or a horse with those particular qualities which go to make a top-notcher on the turf. It's a safe bet to say there are few, if any, who can teach him anything about these things.

With a flair for making friends, he is one of those rare individuals who, once having made a friend, keeps him. Once having entered into the circle of his friendship, it's your fault if you don't remain there.

Mr. P. G. Smith, of Tamworth.

Some achieve greatness in one thing, some in another, and a few in many.

Usually, however, the persons who devote their ability and activities to one thing only achieve the greatest distinction in life. But when it comes to P. G. Smith, the founder and controller of one of the North's largest commercial concerns, namely, the storekeeping business, which is known to all Tamworth district residents—and far beyond for that matter—as P. G. Smith & Co. Ltd., of Peel Street, Tamworth, you have been introduced to one of the ablest men in N.S.W.

Strict attention to the controlling needs of this large organisation has been the lifetime hobby of this outstanding member. Nevertheless, he has found time in his busy life to devote considerable personal attention to the welfare of his fellow citizens, and his activities in this direction have done much to promote the progress and welfare of his flourishing home town.

His activities have embraced many kinds of sports. A champion at none, he has nevertheless done much to help them all. How he succeeds in giving personal attention to all his activities, and yet finds time to extend every courtesy to all his friendly callers at the office is a puzzle none of his friends and acquaintances have yet solved.

Mr. John Morrissey, of Blandford.

Round about twenty years ago, when the greatest boom in the history of our cattle industry struck Australia, the name of Morrissey was synonymous with all those things associated with the vast ramifications of this important industry. Of the family of that name, none was better known than that of John, who has since abandoned the activities which demanded his presence at widely separated parts of Australia, and settled down to a less rambling kind of life at "Harben Vale," Blandford, in the far famed valley of the River Page, N.S.W.

This, of course, does not necessarily imply that friend John is less active than of yore, because by Nature he is one of those active souls who simply cannot be idle, and content. And so, the activity and ability which distinguished John Morrissey in the days of the cattle boom, now find expression in the management of that fine pastoral property referred to above.

Should you ever chance to meet the genial squire of "Harben Vale" and can induce him to spare the time to relate some of his many and wide Australian experiences, you have let yourself in for one of the greatest treats of your life. Moreover, you will thus learn more about real Australian life than you ever before dreamed of.

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Steve Donoghue—A Great Little Man

By A. Knight [Musket]

By cable it was announced recently that the English jockey, Steve Donoghue, had decided to retire from the pigskin and begin a career as a trainer. As Steve was one of the most popular riders of his time, a brief history of this great little man should be of interest, as the cry of "Come on, Steve!" from the throats of his numerous admirers as Steve came riding up the straight in front will not be heard again.

Born in the town of Warrington, Lancashire, in October, 1884, Steve was 53 years of age at the time he retired. "My parents were poor and hard-working people. I was the eldest of a family of five, and from a very early age I got more than I considered my share of hard knocks, work, and worry. . . . I must have been very ambitious, for, poor and uneducated as I was, I always felt certain 'something would come off' for me, and I was determined to get on in life. Not a single relative of mine, so far as I could ever discover, had had anything at all to do with thoroughbreds, or, indeed, with horses at all; so how I came so naturally to take to riding and race-riding is quite beyond my powers to guess.

"The curious thing was how I first came even to take any interest in racehorses and racing. Truth compels me to state that it was through being sent out as a small boy by my father to buy ha'penny papers with the racing results in for him to see 'what had won.'" These sentences are taken from Steve's book, "Just My Story," published in 1922.

After describing his many adventures before becoming a full-fledged jockey, Donoghue relates how he first got a job with the great John Porter; but he did not stay long with the master of Kingsclerc, and finally drifted to Paris before he ever got a mount in a race. The first time he rode in a race he was beaten into third place, beaten two

necks. "I thought I rode a good race, as the winner was a useful horse; so it was a great disappointment to me on my return home to be treated to a good scolding. The



Steve Donoghue.

owner had informed the trainer that 'if I hadn't looked round I must have won the race.' I did not agree to this. All the same, the whole thing taught me a lesson, and it is very seldom that I am now seen looking round in a race."

Donoghue then describes his elation at riding his first winner:

"To ride his first winner! What an event in the life of a jockey—one who is sincerely eager and ambitious to climb the ladder of fame and to attain the highest distinction in his profession! But I very nearly didn't win. Hanoi was a maiden, and the trainer had not had him in his stable long enough to know very much

about him; but in a trial in which I rode him, about a week before the Hyeres meeting was to be held, he had been well galloped with a recent winner, and he beat the other horse very easily, rather to the surprise of his owner and trainer. It was then decided that he should run in the race at Hyeres, and that I should ride him. . . . I travelled alone with Hanoi from Marseilles to the meeting, keeping a wary eye on him at all the stopping places so that he should not be 'got at' by anybody. He might have been the hot favourite for a classic race from the way I fussed about him. Arrived safely at the stables with my horse, I set off to walk the course before dark. I had not been to Hyeres before, and I always made a point of walking round any race-course that I had never ridden over. A jockey can gain so much by doing this in learning the lie of the course, and where there may be bad patches, or bits of false going to avoid. 'My word,' I said to myself, 'it wouldn't do to get left here'."

But Donoghue did get left, through the horse on his left whipping round as the flag fell, causing Hanoi to lose several lengths. But Hanoi was equal to the occasion, and eventually won by half a length. "As I rode into the unsaddling enclosure on the winner for the first time, I forced myself to appear nonchalant and unconcerned while I unsaddled Hanoi, trying to put on a great air of being quite used to it. But inwardly I felt like throwing my arms round his neck and publicly embracing the gallant beast that had done me such a good turn."

Donoghue rode with considerable success in France, but always had a yearning to be back again in England, and finally he returned to become one of the greatest jockeys of his time. His successes in the more important races of England and Ireland would take up too much

space in the "Magazine," so his victories in the classics must suffice. The Derby was his luckiest classic, having ridden to victory Pommern in 1915, Gay Crusader in 1917, Humorist in 1921, Captain Cuttle in 1922, Papyrus in 1923, and Manna in 1925. In the Two Thousand Guineas he was successful on Pommern, Gay Crusader and Manna; in the One Thousand, on Exhibitionist this year; in the Oaks, on My Dear in 1918 and Exhibitionist in 1937; and in the St. Leger, on Pommern and Gay Crusader. Thus it will be seen that he won the Triple Crown (Two Thousand, Derby and St. Leger) on Pommern and Gay Crusader, though in those years, during the Great War, the Derby was run at Newmarket, and was known as the Substitute Derby. I nearly forgot to mention that he also won the Grand Prix de Paris on Kefalin in 1922.

His Great Love for Horses.

Apart from his ability as a horseman, Steve absolutely loved horses, and would never use whip or spur on one who was doing its best to win. When he rode that famous old gelding, Brown Jack, to victory six successive times, in the Queen Alexandra Stakes, 2 miles 6 furlongs and 85 yards—the longest flat race in England—never once did he touch the horse with whip or spur, though he always carried them. When the gallant old gelding was waiting for Donoghue to mount him for the sixth time in the Alexandra Stakes, Steve said to the owner, Sir Harold Wernher: "Shall I put these on?" holding out a pair of spurs. "Put on everything to-day," said Sir Harold. But both of them knew that the spurs would not be used. And Brown Jack won without being spurred or whipped; in fact, Donoghue lost his whip in the race, and as he often had to shake it at the old fellow when he was inclined to loaf, he was afraid that Brown Jack would be beaten in the last race of his career, at the ripe old age of 10 years.

The great friendship that existed between Brown Jack and Steve is well described by R. C. Lyle, author of the book "Brown Jack." After the gelding had retired to his own-

er's place, it was decided to have him photographed with Steve on his back, and this is how the writer describes the scene: "On July 28th, 1934, Brown Jack and Mail Fist left Wroughton for Thorpe Lubenham Hall, and thither on a Sunday morning early in August came his old friend Steve Donoghue, and a photographer from London. Donoghue donned the familiar colours of Sir Harold Wernher—green and yellow, halved—and he had with him the saddle on which he had ridden Brown Jack to all his victories, the saddle on which he had won all his classics, and a total of fifteen hundred races altogether. This saddle was put upon Brown Jack, and he was led out into the yard. . . . Then Donoghue came forward, and I shall never forget how the old horse pricked his ears, and, when the great jockey spoke to him, pushed his head forward and licked his face from ear to ear, from chin to forehead; and then, when Donoghue mounted him, how he braced himself and seemed to grow in stature, as he had done before so many races."

A Tribute from the Hon. G. Lambton.

In relating the career of that great mare Diadem, the Hon. George Lambton wrote: "After her three-year-old career, Donoghue was associated with most of her triumphs, and a perfect combination they made. Stephen is a great lover of horses, but I am sure Diadem held first place in his affections, and she thoroughly reciprocated it. I have seen her, after a hard race, as he unsaddled her, turn round and rub her nose against his hands, more like a dog than a horse. Win or lose, you could not have made Stephen hit her for anything in the world." (These lines were written before the advent of Brown Jack.—"Musket.")

Further on in his book, "Men and Horses I Have Known," Mr. Lambton, referring to the jockeys who had ridden Diadem, wrote: "But Diadem's favourite jockey was Donoghue, who, with his beautiful hands and tender treatment of a horse,

combined with his marvellous dash and nerve, has always been a pleasure to watch. Carslake said to me once: 'Stephen can find out more about what is left in a horse with his little finger than most men with their legs and whip.' This delicacy of riding has often brought suspicion on Donoghue without the slightest cause for it."

Such praise from those who have known Donoghue since he first began riding will give Australians some idea of the class of man Steve Donoghue is, and he will have the best wishes of every sportsman in his new sphere as a trainer. He already has 30 horses in his stables, and success seems assured for this great little man, whose love of the thoroughbred had gained for him the respect of all England—at least, the sporting section of England.



GOLF CLUB

FIXTURE LIST

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1938.

January 20th—Manly Golf Club,
Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

February 17th—New South Wales
Golf Club, Stableford Par.

The Angel of Tiran Khot

(By Garnett Radcliffe)

Generally speaking the last thing in the way of literature that you might expect to find a British soldier perusing is the account of a military action. Nor was Lance-Corporal Stiggins, of the Royal Southshires, an exception to the rule. It was not until he had dealt painstakingly with the football, the murders, the racing, the divorce and even the financial news in his Sunday newspaper that he turned to an article concerning the battle of Tiran Khot.

To his relief it was not written from an instructive point of view. It was No. 3 of a "Divine Intervention" series compiled by a patriotic gentleman with a mystical turn of mind. In Nos. 1 and 2 of his series he had dealt with the Angels at Mons and the Crecy bowmen who appeared during the retreat, and this article concerned the similar if less widely known legend of the Angel of Tiran Khot. It had been illustrated. A crowd of soldiers, many of whom appeared to have been severely wounded, had been surrounded by a much larger crowd of villainous looking tribesmen. But the soldiers were not dismayed. They were pointing upwards to where a most conventional angel with wings and a large sword swam gracefully in the sky. And, in case anyone should feel sceptical, there was a footnote explaining that the angel had been drawn according to a description given by Quartermaster-Sergeant Quiver, of the Sussex Fusiliers, who had been present at the battle.

"Gor lumme!" said Lance-Corporal Stiggins, much impressed. "Look what the quartermaster-sergeant saw, boys. I'll bet he'd been having a go at the rum ration when he saw that!"

The newspaper was passed round the canteen. There was laughter and ribald comment that would have distressed the mystical-minded gentleman. The British soldier connects quartermaster-sergeants with many things, but seldom with angels.

There was one man present, however, who did not laugh. His name

was Private Bristow, but he was better known as "Windbag." When the paper reached him he examined the drawing with a solemnity that rebuked the hilarity of his comrades. Then he shook his head and sighed.

"No, not a bit like. Not to me, anyway. What I saw in the sky at Tiran Khot that evening was a sort of ship going along upside down with a mushroom where the mast should have been. That's what the cloud looked like to me. An' I remember my chum, Simpkins, sayin' it put him in mind of a bag of jellied eels with a wee dog sittin' on top."

"Were you at Tiran Khot?" Stiggins demanded.

"I was. Serving with the old Sussex Fusiliers," "Windbag" said shortly.

"An' did you see the angel?"

"I saw the same thing as Quartermaster-Sergeant Quiver saw, which was a big white cloud. We all saw it and we all thought it looked like something different. It wasn't till next day when we'd won the battle that chaps began to remember they'd seen an angel. Just for the sake of a good story, you know. It's shocking the way some soldiers will tell lies."

"Windbag," who was commonly believed to be the biggest liar in the British Army, shook his head in sorrow. Presently his face brightened and he began to fill his pipe.

"All the same," he said thoughtfully, "the bloke that wrote that article wasn't so far off the bull's-eye after all. There *was* an angel at Tiran Khot sure enough. An' if that angel had not been there there'd have been no victory. What I mean to say is that if General Harris—the young chap what was in command—had been left to himself the Wazzies would have scuppered the whole column and I wouldn't be sittin' silent in this canteen listenin' to a lot of recruits talking about what they know nothin' about. Yes, it was General Harris had the command, but none of us knew it till he made the first inspection at Ab-

botshah before the column started out. Leastways, I didn't know it. What I thought was it was old Snarler Dobson was goin' to command the column, an' I tell you that on the morning of that inspection I had the wind-up proper.

"D'you know why? Well, I'll tell you if you'll only let me speak a minute. The way of it was some dirty dog had pinched my lanyard an' the badge off the front of my topi, an' as if that wasn't enough he'd blunted my razor the way I couldn't shave proper an' spilled rifle oil down the front of my tunic. So I wasn't as smart on parade as I am generally. Not that it was my fault, you understand. I had my excuses all ready to make to the general if he was in a good temper by the sound of him, an' I was ready to do a faint if he wasn't. It was old Snarler Dobson I was expectin', you see. You rookies wouldn't know him, but I tell you when Snarler had a bit of a liver his inspections were more like a *mast* elephant runnin' amok through a jungle. So I cocked my ears ready to faint if I heard him blarin' in the distance.

"Well, I listened hard but never a blare came. An' then I rolled my eye to the right where he was comin' along 'A' Company with the colonel, an' I was so relieved I almost fainted in real earnest. For it wasn't Snarler was inspectin' us at all. It was a new general what I'd never seen before. A tall young chap with a sort of clean look about him as if he was fresh out of a bandbox. An' he wasn't prancin' along the ranks rollin' his eyes an' gnashin' his fangs same as old Snarler used to do. He was comin' quite slow an' smilin' as if he was a human being an' not a general at all.

"Well, naturally, I didn't care after that. I just stood at the 'shun as bold as you please, an' presently the young general came along an' stood in front of me. If he'd been Snarler he'd have let a howl out of him an' told the colonel to put me under a pump or under arrest. But General Harris—that being his name

as I learned later—just gave me one look sort of friendly-like an' went on. And I knew why. He was a very young general, you see, an' this was his first command an' he didn't want to start off by findin' fault. Besides, I reckon he was a bit nervous himself. In a manner of speaking we was inspectin' him just as much as he was inspectin' us. You could tell the way he was feelin' by his face and the way he kept slappin' his leg with the cane he had. Yes, he was a raw general, all right. I dessay by now he's become a hairy old snorter like the rest, but at that time he hadn't cut his tusks, if you know what I mean.

"Anyway, it was the most 'cushy' inspection I've ever had the luck to be on. An' I can tell you I wasn't half pleased when I heard later that old Snarler had gone down with fever an' this young chap was going to take us out against the Wazzies. They'd given him the command because he'd been top of his class at the Staff College, an' they wanted to see if he'd do as well in the field as he did on paper.

"Well, a week or so later off we went. A Paythan regiment, ourselves an' some odds and ends of signallers an' such-like—that's all there was in the column. It wasn't a big show we were goin' on, you understand. All it was, was that some Wazzies in the Abba Thal district had been bad boys, an' we were to march round an' give 'em a bit of a lesson. Just a picnic, you understand. If old Snarler Dobson had had the command, same as he would have done if it hadn't been for the fever, he wouldn't have made any more bother than if it had been a field-day. He'd just have taken us out, burned a village or two an' sloped back when he felt like it.

"But Harris wasn't that sort. I tell you if we'd been a British Expeditionary Force settin' out to invade Berlin he couldn't have made more fuss. Before ever we went out of Abbotshah at all you'd have thought it had been snowing paper, all the orders he issued. What we were to do on the line of march, an' what we weren't to do, an' maps, an' tactical schemes, an' routine orders for the day an' routine orders for the night, an' orders for when we was in camp, an' orders for when

we was out of camp—he had them issued even to the Paythans, who couldn't read. An' as for the officers—well, I tell you I felt glad I hadn't a commission. For Harris was never done givin' them lectures about the forthcomin' campaign. *Lectures*, mind you! Talkin' himself hoarse an' drawin' maps on a blackboard an' all about a bit of a picnic where there wouldn't be five rounds fired!

"An' then when we went out you'd have laughed to see us. Just like a blooming Guards battalion giving a demonstration on Aldershot Plain we were. We'd scouts, an' an advance guard, an' flank guards, an' connectin' files, an' picquets—all as pretty as a picture, with every section at its correct distance an' even the camels in the transport keepin' step. An' there was Harris ridin' about on his charger with a whoppin' great map spread in front of him on one of those cavalry sketching boards, an' a pair of brand-new field glasses up to his eyes' an' a message pad in one hand an' a compass in the other—for all the world like a general in a picture. Quite different from old Snarler Dobson, you see. Lumme, Snarler would have been sittin' in a mule cart with his tunic off, an' as like as not a glass of beer in his hand. Ah, but you see Snarler was an old hand. I dessay the first time he commanded a show on the Border he pranced about the same as General Harris.

"Well, we marched on as if we was goin' to a war, an' it wasn't the marchin' made us tired—it was tryin' to remember all the things the general had said we ought to do. Every half mile we'd to shift our rifles from one shoulder to another an' when we halted we'd to take off our boots and puttees and lie on our backs with our feet higher than our heads, the way the blood would flow out of them. And Harris would trot up an' down an' if he saw a chap that hadn't got his feet higher than his head or wasn't facin' the sun or was drinkin' his water instead of rinsin' his mouth an' spittin' he'd carry on as if we'd lost the war. Regular paper soldiering—that's what it was. I tell you it got on my nerves, an' I began to regret we hadn't old Snarler in command

after all. Snarler was cross as an old gorilla, but he never fussed his troops the same as this young fellow did.

"Well, after a bit we got into the Wazir country an' the friendlies brought in word that they'd three lashkars out in the hills. Snarler would have gone straight for the villages, but that wasn't good enough for General Harris. He'd been top of his class at the Staff College an' he was out to show what he could do. So he took us by a very strategic route to a very strategic position an' when he got there he laid an ambush that would have made Napoleon turn green, while the niggers watched us from the hills an' wondered what the blazes we were playin' at. An' I reckon they were a bit scared of this new-fangled sort of war, for they didn't start snipin' straight away.

"Well, we made our ambush an' we lay there in the sun an' we watched the general creepin' about among the rocks like a Boy Scout gone balmy. An' the Wazzies watched, too. Not that we saw them, mind you. We only knew they were there by what the Paythan scouts told us.

"Well, after a bit the general got fed-up waitin', so he said we'd go somewhere else an' employ different tactics. So we tore up the nice little range charts he'd told us to make an' we sloped off. An' the Wazzies came, too. If Harris hadn't done anything else, with all his tactics he had those poor niggers so puzzled that they didn't even think to snipe us. But they came along at a safe distance, like kids runnin' after a circus.

"Next go off the general said we would capture a hill where the Paythan scouts had located a lashkar. An' I tell you there was never a hill so well taken as that one. Beautiful, it was. We surrounded it an' we enfiladed it an' we advanced by short rushes' an' we advanced by long rushes an' we'd overhead support from the Lewis guns an' we captured it without a shot being fired. For the Wazzies hadn't waited while the general was measuring his map. But they must have learned a lot about Staff College tactics from the top of the next hill, where they'd gone to watch.

(Continued on page 14.)

(Continued from page 13.)

"Well, Harris wasn't disheartened. I'll say that for him. He issued a whole bagful of fresh orders, an' then we did what he called a drive. Slap across the hills we went in open order, an' the Wazzies trotted after us in no order at all. They were gettin' a bit bolder by that time. They'd started poisonin' the wells an' snipin' the rear-guard. But that wasn't what made the casualties mount up—it was the heat.

"Awful it was. Especially the nights, when we'd lie an' pant without so much as a sheet on top of us an' then not able to sleep for the mosquitters. I remember I was doin' batman at the time to Captain Trevor, who commanded 'B' company, an' he used to get me to sluice his camp-bed with cold water before he turned in. But then he took a fever, an' instead of bein' too hot at night he used to lie awake an' shiver with cold, with all his kit piled on top of him an' a couple of hot-water bottles what he'd borrowed from the medical section at his feet. I had to fill them two or three times a night for him an' then I'd go back an' lie naked on a waterproof sheet on the sand an' wonder if I'd ever feel cool again.

"An' at last even the general saw it was no good. We were played out with the heat an' the casualties were mountin' fast an' the Wazzies were after us day an' night like flies after a sick camel. So he gave orders we'd march back to Abbotshah. But, snakes, it's one thing to give orders an' another to carry them out. The niggers had different ideas. I reckon they thought they'd feel lonely without their little playmates.

"Now there were three ways we could get out of their country. There was the Ulcha Pass, the Shaitan Pass an' the Tiran Khot Ravine. Nacherally Harris headed for the Ulcha Pass, that being the nearest. But we didn't march same as we'd done when we'd left Abbotshah. It wasn't no time for picture-book soldierin'. It was a case of *saue* key putt, as the Frenchies say.

"Well, we got to the Ulcha Pass, an' there were the Wazzies waitin' to be taught fresh tactics. An' by the powers their own tactics weren't half bad for blokes that had never been to a Staff College. They'd lined

both sides of the pass with snipers, an' they'd put big rocks convenient to drop on our heads. Harris halted us on the maidan down below, an' went an' reconnoitred the position through his field-glasses. An' I suppose he thought the pass was too narrow for Staff College strategy. So he gave orders we was to push on for the Shaitan Pass.

"But the Wazzies had had the same idea. When we got to the Shaitan there they were just the same, exceptin' there was a good deal more of them. An' the general lay on his belly a whole mornin' an' looked at them through his field-glasses. An' by that time all the confidence he'd ever had was gone to blazes. An' you couldn't blame the poor young chap. It was his first command an' if he made a mistake he was a done man.

"First he said we would attack an' then he said we wouldn't. Finally, he gave orders to strike camp an' march for the Tiran Khot Ravine. *March*, did I say? Double was more like it—double, with the sun crashing down on our heads an' the sand throwing it back in our faces, an' hardly a bucket of water among the lot of us. An' when the general rode down the column the fellows rolled their eyes at him an' cursed. Yes, we were proper fed-up with Harris. Gettin' us into that mess after all the fuss he'd made.

"Late in the evening we got to the Tiran Khot Ravine, an' fast as we'd come the Wazzies had come faster. Harris made a sort of half-hearted attack with the advance guard an' then called them off again. I suppose he thought it too risky to attack before he'd reconnoitred the ground. So we pitched camp about half-a-mile from the entrance to the ravine, an' it was just when I was gettin' Captain Trevor's things ready for the night that I heard Quartermaster-Sergeant Quiver shoutin' to the S.M. to look up an' he'd see an angel.

"Angel, my elbow! A big funny-shaped white cloud—that's all it was. But you know what happens when a bloke looks up an' points an' pretends he sees something wonderful. There was a crowd round Quiver in no time, all lookin' up an' sayin' what the cloud reminded them of. Next day they all agreed

with Quiver it *had* been like an angel, but they didn't say that at the time. Most of 'em said it was like a caterpillar holdin' a rum-jar. Maybe though they *would* have said it was an angel if they'd only known that in six hours time—before it was dawn almost—we'd be in possession of the pass, an' the Wazzies runnin' away so fast you couldn't see their heels for the dust.

It's a fact. Look in that Sunday paper if you don't believe me. Not an hour after the lights-out had sounded word was passed there was to be a surprise night-attack. We fell in by companies silent as so many ghosts, an' off we went in the dark. It was General Harris led us himself. An' the order he'd passed was just the sort of order old Snarler Dobson would have given. We were to get at 'em with the steel and give 'em hell.

"An' we did just that. Crept up the pass in the dark the same as the Wazzies themselves would have done—then the order was passed in a whisper to open out an' get ready to charge. An' the Wazzies never suspected a thing. They were feastin' an' singin' an' dancin', thinkin' how they'd scupper us next day. It was our change of tactics took 'em by surprise.

"An' I tell you it wasn't no Staff College charge we made that night. When the order came we went every man for himself, all out an' yellin' like we'd gone mad. Me, I was with the first company, but, run as we would, there was one officer kept ahead. He was General Harris himself. An' by the hokey he showed himself a man that night. He took two knife thrusts, but he led us till the Wazzies broke. . . . An' when dawn came, as they say in the books, the ravine was ours an' the battle of Tiran Khot was won."

Private Bristow stopped and knocked out his pipe. Lance-Corporal Stiggins looked at him accusingly.

"An' where did the angel come in? Thought you said there was an angel!"

Private Bristow set down an empty tankard.

"There *was* an angel," he said. "You've been entertainin' him unawares—leastways you will when

(Continued on Page 18.)

Pool Splashes

Christmas comes but once a year, and that's just the time when Stan Carroll reaches top form, for at the Swimming Club's Christmas Scramble, on 23rd December, he repeated last year's performance of landing first prize.

From now on, Stan is to be known as Christmas Carol, but he should worry, as he took out a nice picnic set presented by Cuth. Godhard.

The festive season was celebrated in time-honoured fashion in the Pool by a big field of triers, all out after the Christmas cheer that was on tap.

Five heats were necessary to swim off the event, and the finalists for the main event were Norman Levy, Ivor Stanford, A. S. Block, S. Carroll and Jack Dexter. A stirring tussle saw Carroll just last long enough to win from Block with Stanford third.

In the final for seconds in heats, Norman Barrell was first home from Edwards and Brown.

George Goldie collected the final for thirds in heats from Cuth. Godhard and Dave Tarrant, and, incidentally, by doing so, he knocked himself out of his speciality, the Consolation six-times-across race, which he won in the previous two years, and for which we had seen him doing some sly work the last few weeks.

For the "also rans" final, Bill Ford was first home from E. T. Penfold and Carlyle Bastian.

The field for the Consolation six-times-across race was not as large as usual, but after George Brown looked home and hosed with a couple of laps to go, Dave Tarrant battled on to beat him with Godhard third.

Dewar Cup.

Last season's dead heaters for this valuable trophy, Goldie and Godhard, are heading the field so far, but there are many with chances of heading them before the season closes.

Members with highest points to date are:—G. Goldie, 50½; C. Godhard, 41½; J. Dexter, 39½; W. S. Edwards, 38; N. Barrell, 36; N. P. Murphy, 35½; C. D. Tarrant, 34½; L. Hermann, 30½; S. Carroll, 30½; T. H. English, 27; V. Richards, 23.

New members continue to put in their claim for the club races, and we are happy to welcome Messrs. George Brown, Bill Ford, G. Curtis and Izatt.

Ford has been well to the fore in all his races, and we expect to see Brown in front soon. George was a surf champion some years back, but his big interest nowadays is golf.

A happening unique in the Club's history marked the final of the 40-yard Handicap, on 14th December,

when there was a swim over by Godhard. The other finalists were all on the sick list, or detained through business.

Frank Carberry was noted in the Pool on the day of the Christmas Scramble, but the ex-Australian Backstroke Champion could not be induced to start in the events.

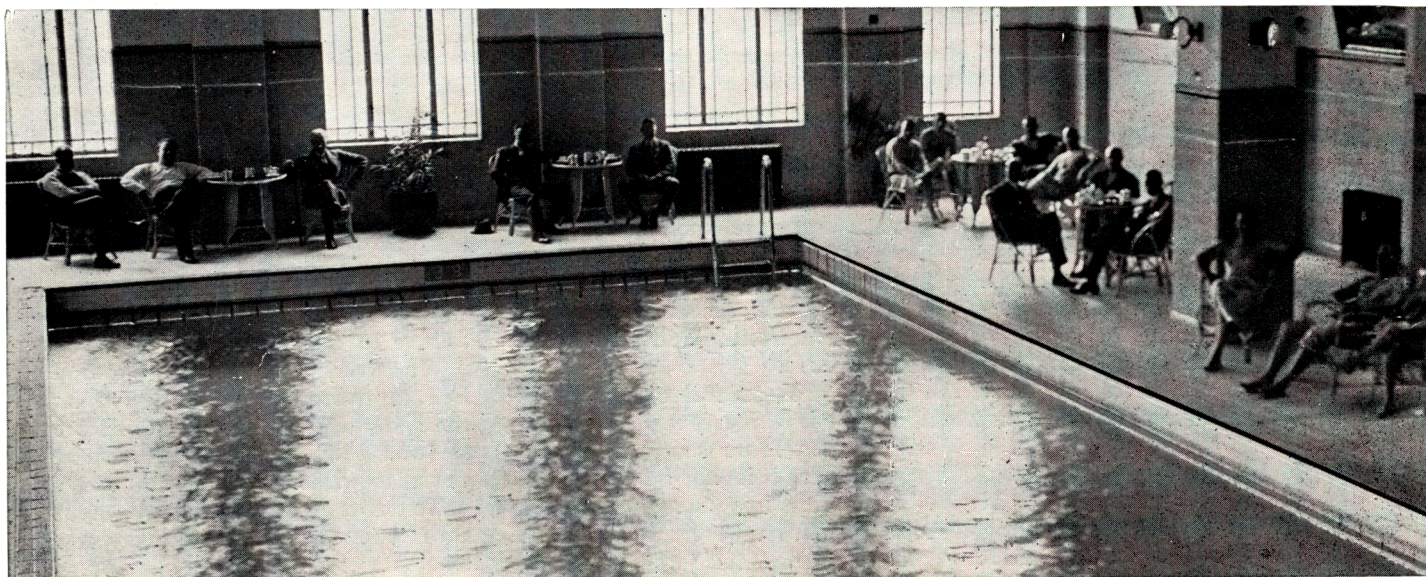
Best times in Club races since the last issue of the magazine were:—40-yards: 20 2/5sec., V. Richards; 20 4/5sec., W. S. Edwards. 60-yards: 34 3/5sec., V. Richards; 35 2/5sec., W. S. Edwards.

Winston Edwards won the November-December Point Score, and, as this was his first win, he's due for an extra hard pat on the back.

The Point Score Trophies have so far gone to members who had not before won a prize, Len Hermann being the victor in this season's first series.

Once again, Tattersall's Pool has been a huge help in the making of a star swimmer. Robin Biddulph, the season's sensation, put in a lot of good preparation in the Pool during the winter, and his form in the recently concluded State Championships was an excellent augury for his chances in the Empire Games next month.

In beating the best times ever swum by an Australian over 220 and 440 yards, 17-year-old Biddulph
(Continued on Page 20.)



The Club Swimming Pool.

BILLIARDS

Match for World Title to Take Place Next Month—Some Paradoxes in Method of Scoring.

The year 1938 promises well for lovers of billiards. A match for the world's championship will be played in Sydney during February between the holder, Walter Lindrum, and Clarke McConachy, of New Zealand. No doubt many will view with grave doubts the ability of McConachy to secure victory. However, it must be remembered that Clarke has, for years, been regarded as level with Joe Davis, of England, as number two contestant.

That every confidence is reposed in the bosom of the challenger may be gathered from the fact that Mc-

No doubt McConachy is equally ardent in his practice on the table. This practice, practice, practice just about marks the vast gulf that exists between professionals and amateurs in the billiard world.

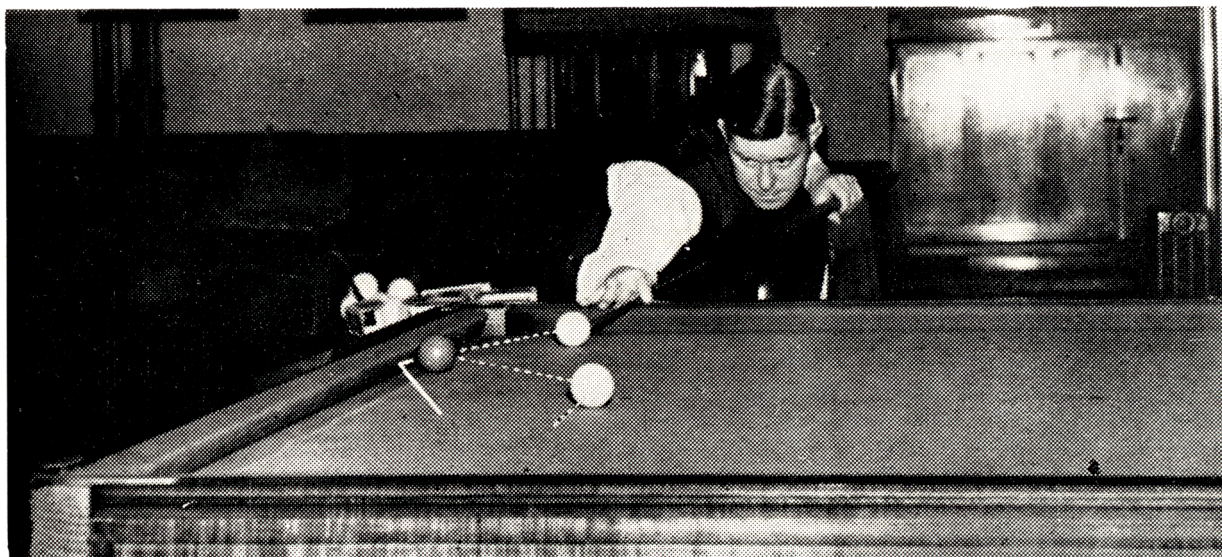
Thus far, the venue has not been decided, but that will not take any great amount of time.

The match is certain to produce superlative billiards from both cueists, and will form an important part in the Centenary Celebrations. And, do not be misled with the idea that it will be a one-horse race. Both players will exceed the four-figure

dents the idea that a yoke contains the equal of half a pound of steak. However, billiards and dietetics are disparate subjects. Let's get to the billiard table.

Paradoxes are found at the very basis.

For an in-off red, three points are awarded. If the object ball goes into a pocket as well, all is O.K. But, in the case of a white "loser," should the object ball do either, the curfew will toll! Obviously more care must be taken, the shot is more difficult, but two points only marks the reward.



Walter Lindrum is here depicted gathering the balls for a succession of pot-reds and cannons at the top of the table. Does it pay? Read article on this page which deals with various anomalies.

Conachy has contacted Mr. Claude Spencer, of "The Referee," Sydney, suggesting that each player lodge the sum of £100 with the sporting scribe named, before the contest takes place. The request will be welcomed by Lindrum, who still retains his wonderful form.

That Lindrum is not taking any chances is gathered from his daily routine, which covers seven hours' practice.

Against brother Fred, last week, Walter ran up a break of 4,000 in 220 minutes! There is no wasting of time where the world's titleholder is concerned.

mark in breaks, and, that being the case, anything can happen.

Some Anomalies.

That there are anomalies in billiards few will argue. Quite recently Captain A. Croneen, of England, set to and placed his views on paper. They are interesting and well worth quoting here.

Billiards is as full of paradoxes as an egg is of meat, wrote the Captain. Even more so, perhaps, because the egg is not so nutritious as some folk imagine. It has been established that were a man to live solely on eggs he would require twenty-two per day. That rather

Again, playing from hand with the red on the pyramid spot, almost any player would bet evens he could go in-off, but, Joe Davis would not lay odds he could pot the red under similar circumstances. Thus an even money chance is levelled with a twenty to one ditto.

Moreover, potting of reds is limited to two, with the "cherry" on the spot, whereas fifteen in-offs are allowed—each scoring the same value as winning hazards.

To score ten successive cannons earns twenty points, and, very few amateurs can hold the balls for so
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Something About Dogs Sagacity and False Teeth

(By E.T.)

Most people are fond of animals, but dogs, as a general rule, seem to appeal to the majority of us more than any other animals; their acute intuition showing often an inconceivable intelligence, and this, combined with extreme faithfulness and unlimited affection displayed towards his master or mistress—often under the most adverse circumstances—tends to warm our hearts as the qualities of few animals are capable of doing.

Having been a great lover of dogs since I was a youngster, I have taken a keen interest in them always, and have found an endless source of amusement in their (often remarkable) reasoning power.

One little incident which happened at my home near Sydney, I think is worth relating, as showing the sagacity of a small mongrel dog—a black-and-tan terrier. For several days I had noticed this dog in the company of a young well-bred Airedale. They made a habit of coming leisurely into my garden from the adjoining park to frolic on the terraced lawns in front of the house. Many times I stood on the balcony looking down at the quaint assorted pair, and thinking how impudent they were in making themselves so much at home, and being greatly amused at the incongruous companionship—the tiny mongrel being no match for the clumsy, loosely jointed Airedale in their sport.

Early one morning unusual sounds of distressed barking woke me, as though a dog had been tied up against his will, and he was letting the world know of this grievance. From the balcony I scanned the park—the sounds appearing to come from that direction—but could see no sign of a dog. All day long I heard incessant whining, interspersed with loud, staccato yelps of protestation, but as the afternoon wore on these became fainter. Previously in the day I had noticed the little terrier prowling disconsolately about the garden alone, but I had attached no importance to this. In the cool of the evening I decided to make a tour of investigation, as I could still hear occasional whining—

though it was very faint—which worried me excessively. Having no immediate neighbours, I thought that the dog I could hear could not belong to anybody in the vicinity.

Thinking my own dog would prove useful in the search, I set off with him beside me. I had barely stepped from the verandah, when, to my surprise, I beheld the little mongrel rushing towards us from nowhere, as it seemed. I thought he was looking for a fight, so picked up a nearby hose and turned it on him with full force, to ward him off. He simply ignored this, and kept making frantic rushes towards us as he dodged the water. I was puzzled greatly at these strange actions, as my experience of dogs has been that they loathe water from a hose being played over them. He was so persistent in his attentions that I concluded he was too interested in my dog to let such a trivial matter as water deter him from his object, so I tied up my dog out of harm's way, as I thought. It was almost dusk when I set forth once more to investigate. Imagine my surprise—when on reaching the garden—I found the little mongrel there waiting for me. The moment I appeared, he ran towards me and commenced to whine—his whole mien expressing great agitation. I spoke to him and tried to coax him nearer, but with a sharp, excited yelp, he turned and ran quickly towards the foot of the garden, where there was a steep, rocky ravine, between twenty and thirty feet deep, and which carried the storm waters into the sea a few hundred yards below. The banks of this ravine were overgrown with dense native scrub, and the prolific-growing lantana, these affording a splendid haven for the one-time domestic cats which have gone wild.

I followed behind the little dog until he paused on the bank of the ravine. On peering between the bushes, I could hear no sound, nor could I see too well in the uncertain light. Feeling certain I had been guided to this spot for some good reason working in the doggy mind, I determined to scour the

banks and the gully itself, if necessary. I wormed my way cautiously amongst the dense growth, when I heard suddenly the crackling of dry twigs in a clump of lantana overhanging the bank. Upon investigating, to my consternation, I saw the big Airedale caught in this like a rat in a trap, he being wedged firmly between the branches, having been suspended in mid-air. I realised it was futile to attempt to rescue from the top of the bank, so hastened to the house, where I procured a pair of steps. Panting and struggling with these over the terraces to the mouth of the gully, I managed eventually to drag them over the rocky and slippery bed, until I came to the spot where the Airedale was imprisoned many feet above. I placed the steps against the bank, and ascended them as high as I could, but found myself in a quandary, as I could not reach the dog. However, I managed to break away some of the twigs, which had the desired effect of liberating one of his hind legs, with the result that, with a violent effort, he freed himself suddenly from the remaining restricting branches, and, with a wild leap, hurled his huge body at me where I stood in my precarious position on top of the steps. Fortunately, I had anticipated something of the kind, and avoided the impact by grasping firmly a stout branch of the lantana at my side. The poor brute was parched with thirst, as it had been an exceptionally hot day, and, the moment he fell into the bed of the gully, he simply wallowed in the adjacent pools of stagnant water. The next moment, he showed his gratitude, without warning, by shaking the filthy, muddy stuff all over me unceremoniously, and trotted up to the mouth of the gully, where he was greeted joyfully by his little playfellow, whose sagacity, without doubt, had saved his life.

An amusing incident comes to my mind in connection with a beautiful mastiff owned by some friends of mine in England. This dog—Caesar by name—had been trained to carry the shopping basket when

(Continued on page 18.)

(Continued from page 17.)

any member of the family went into the village. During my stay with them at their home in Devonshire, I became a great pal of Caesar's, and we two had many delightful rambles together, wandering over green fields and narrow country lanes. Chudleigh—the village in which lived my friends—is situated on the main London highway between Exeter and Torquay. Those who know England and are familiar with the continual stream of traffic upon these main roads during the holidays, will appreciate the following. One afternoon, my friend and I and Caesar had gone into the village to collect a few items which the grocer had forgotten to deliver that morning, Caesar, as usual, carrying the basket as he trotted along with stately gait. As we were crossing the main thoroughfare, he spied a particular canine chum of his, and, becoming engrossed in making his salutations, he became somewhat negligent in his duty, with the result that the basket he carried became unbalanced, and the goods were scattered on the middle of the road. We could not go to the rescue on account of the traffic, but the ever-obliging policeman kindly held it up while an unperturbed Caesar made futile attempts to scrape and push the unruly parcels back into the basket, which lay on its side near them. Needless to say, a small crowd soon collected, and Caesar became the hero of the moment—dozens of automobiles being held up while the kindly officer of the law obligingly repacked the basket.

There were two butchers in the

village, but my friends dealt with one only. In spite of all his dignity, Caesar was not too proud to pay a daily call—for the juicy bone which awaited his coming—at the shop of the butcher who failed to gain the patronage of his mistress. The moment the bone was in his possession, he made for the other butcher's shop, where he placed his treasure in the corner beneath the counter, while he waited patiently for the butcher to give him his daily rations. These he carried home with all the speed his bulk permitted, taking care to return immediately for the bone he had taken the foresight to leave beneath the counter of the butcher that the family patronised.

Billiards

(Continued from Page 16.)

long. On the other hand, class amateurs can frequently score ten losing hazards off the red and the reward is thirty points.

The foregoing certainly gives strength to the idea that difficult scoring shots should reap greater reward. But, as against that, there is very little wrong with modern billiards. Trouble is that most of us cannot play sufficiently well to worry the scorer to a point where paradoxes become apparent.

Anyway, this article is not a tirade against the prevailing rules. It is merely intended as light reading with some new points enumerated. Members may have noticed the anomalies before, but, in the majority of cases they will be new. That is the justification for putting them in here.

The Angel of Tiran Khot

(Continued from Page 14.)

you've forked out for this beer. It was *me* won the battle of Tiran Khot. While the other silly gawks were starin' up at the cloud I got what you might call a bright idea. I slipped the hot water bottles I'd got ready for Captain Trevor into the foot of the general's bed, and I reckon when he found them he grasped the insinuation all right. An' it was to prove his feet weren't as cold as we thought that he made the night-attack at Tiran Khot."

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SERIES No. 18.



The Monument at Watson's Bay marking an early road

THE ROADS REACH OUT.

WE come now to the second stage in our story of the Mother State, that important stage when the roads began to reach out to open up the country beyond the settlements around Sydney. The work of the explorers, while in itself of the greatest importance, could be put to its utmost practical use only when roads had been built to allow of easy access to the areas they had discovered. So did the road-builders enter into the story of this State to play their important part in its development.

AT first the construction of roads was very much of a haphazard business. A rough bush track would be evolved by mounted travellers, would be cleared to some extent to meet the needs of wheeled vehicles; later, perhaps, a gang of convicts under no very skilled supervision would be set to work to level it in parts or to build it up in others. Some sections, where the necessity was great, would be metalled. There was no effort made to make the roads of a substantial or permanent nature. In other cases private subscription would be called upon to make roads of a better type.

THE first road to South Head was a case of this latter type. It was not a road designed to serve any pressing commercial use but rather as a pleasure road to the beauties of South Head. The monument, which still stands at Watson's Bay, we have illustrated was erected to mark the termination of the road, and its inscription records briefly the story of its construction: "This Road made by Subscription was completed in ten weeks from the 25 of March, 1811, by 21 soldiers of His Majesty 73 Regiment." To prove that it was essentially intended for pleasure use is the fact that while a toll was imposed on all commercial vehicles desiring to use it, carriages, etc., were allowed to pass without fee. The South Head was a favourite resort of the Macquaries.

AMONG the earliest roads to be constructed were those leading to Parramatta and Liverpool, which were gradually extended as the area of settlement continued to spread, but it was not until many years after the establishment of the First Settlement that any major works of road construction were undertaken. The first, and even now the most impressive great work of road building was that of the highway across the Blue Mountains to the Western Plains, hitherto there had been nothing very spectacular and little that was noteworthy. In the construction of the Western Road, the full story of the building of which will follow, it might be said began the great era of road building, with each passing year seeing some further improvement added to the great road system of New South Wales.

TO-DAY, after almost one hundred and fifty years of development, the work is not completed, and the roads still continue to reach out. It is a story of stern endeavour and the surmounting of enormous difficulties, this story of our roads.

POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 15.)

has stepped over the heads of such renowned and redoubtable watermen as Andrew Charlton and Noel Ryan, and it will not be at all surprising if he wins the Empire 400-yards Championship, although, in Wainwright and Co., he is bound to strike some pacy men, who will be very hard to beat.

Another young man who has worked out in the Pool and who won a N.S.W. Championship last month was Bob Wilshire, whose victory was over 110 yards, defeating Australian champion Reg. Clark.

Wilshire is a tremendously tall young fellow, who has promised well for some years, but is now acting up to that promise. He is an ornament to any sporting gathering.

The form of our swimmers in the big events was good enough to promise exceedingly keen racing in the Empire Championships next month.

Bookings for these meetings open this month, and our advice to members is to get in early, as the available accommodation at North Sydney Olympic Pool is limited.

Just a few more words, and they are to wish all members a very prosperous New Year, may they all improve their marks, both in the Pool and out of it.

Results.

November 18th.—80-yards Brace Relay Handicap: S. Carroll and W. S. Edwards (49), 1; N. Barrall and J. Dexter (48) and G. Goldie and N. P. Murphy (60), tie, 3. Time, 47 sec.

November 25th.—40-yards Handicap: C. D. Tarrant (25) and W. S. Edwards (22), tie, 1; G. Goldie (34), 3. Times, 23 4/5 and 20 4/5 sec.

December 2nd.—60-yards Handicap: C. D. Tarrant (40), 1; W. S. Edwards (36), 2; V. Rich-

ards (34), 3. Time, 37 3/5 sec.

December 9th.—40-yards Handicap: C. Godhard (23), 1; swim over, 23 3/5 sec.

December 16th.—N. P. Murphy and J. Miller (54), 1; G. Goldie and C. Godhard (57), 2; A. S. Block and C. D. Tarrant (49), 3. Time, 52 2/5 sec.

October-November Point Score.—L. Hermann, 24½ points, 1; G. Goldie, 23, 2; J. Dexter, 19½, 3.

November-December Point Score.—W. S. Edwards, 25½ points, 1; G. Goldie, 20½, 2; S. Carroll, 19, 3.

December-January Point Score.—Leaders in this series are: N. P. Murphy and J. Miller, 8 points; G. Goldie and C. Godhard, 7; A. S. Block and C. D. Tarrant, 6; S. Carroll and J. Dexter, 5.

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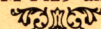
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